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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

## NO SURRENDER TO SPAIN.

It is asserted that at yesterday's Cabinet meeting the decision was reached to instruct our Peace Commissioners to demand only the island of Luzon, the rest of the Philippines to be handed back to Spain.

Such a surrender would be one of those blunders that are worse than crimes.

If it were carried out it would make us neighbors to another Cuba, and make another war with Spain a certainty of the near future. This collision would be all the more assured from the fact that it is proposed to exact all sorts of conditions in the way of good government for the other islands of the group, commercial privileges, separation of church and state, and the like—conditions which Spain would certainly violate, and whose violation would necessitate our interference.

The only thing that can preserve good relations between Spain and America is two thousand miles of salt water.

The two civilizations cannot live in peace as near neighbors.

But the plan agreed upon by the Cabinet cannot be carried out, and that is another reason against its adoption. The Peace Commission can make a treaty restoring two-thirds of the Philippines to Spain, and the President can sign it, but the Senate will never ratify it. And in committing our Government to an agreement which cannot be fulfilled the President will put us in an unpleasant position before the world. Our constitutional limitations are not understood in Europe. There the power that can make a treaty can secure its ratification. When our Senate rejects an arrangement signed and even proposed by our Executive the Government is regarded abroad as guilty of bad faith.

The straightforward course is the best. The President had to obey public opinion in forcing Spain out of Cuba, and he will have to do it now. Why not do it freely, in a way to cause the country pride instead of humiliation?

## DON'T GIVE UP A FOOT OF THE PHILIPPINES!

LED ASTRAY BY GOLF SAD FATE OF EASTERN FARMERS  
PICTURED BY DAVENPORT.

Who would ever have thought that the time would come when the American farmer, the bone and sinew of this great nation, would be blighted by a game called golf? The farmer who has kept out of debt and free from mortgage up to this stage by raising farm produce has at last allowed his beautiful grain fields to succumb to golf links. Such is the sad end of many farmers in the East.

I went last week to look at a farm with the idea of buying one, and as I had a hint that golfers were buying most of the available golf links, good farms within a hundred miles of New York, I went several miles inland in order to get away from the golf-farmers. I rode until I was in a settlement where old straw stacks still stood and where everything looked poverty-stricken. I thought I was safe, so I asked an old man who was sitting on the fence whittling if he wanted to sell his farm. He was more than anxious.

"How many acres have you?"  
"One hundred," replied the farmer.  
"How much do you want for it?"  
"Two hundred dollars per acre," he answered.  
After staggering up against the buggy shaft, I regained consciousness.

## NEW YORK DISLIKED.

Why does the whole country dislike New York?  
The answer of the ordinary New Yorker will be that it doesn't.  
But it does. Nobody knows less about what the country thinks of New York, and of most other things, than the ordinary New Yorker. The more thorough a New Yorker he is, the less he knows—and cares. He is aware, as of a geographical fact, that there are only four districts, but as to what opinions the unfortunate inhabitants of these dark provinces hold of him and his city he has little curiosity—scarcely more than the Parisian feels regarding the barbarians outside world's state of mind regarding Paris, which is to him the centre and the essence of the earth. It is so with every great city. A metropolis is a microcosm, whose interests and variety of aspects suffice to absorb the energy and attention of its dwellers.

The Cause of Irritation.  
It is largely this self-centred state of mind that causes irritation against New York in Americans who are not New Yorkers. Yet the "provinces" confirm the metropolis in its sense of overwhelmingness. New York is local to all the United States, though all the United States resents the fact. Whatever happens here is to the New Yorker of vast importance, but to the rest of the country it is of no importance, and he has succeeded in imposing his cockney sense of proportion upon his fellow countrymen.

"What, in heaven's name, does it produce?"  
"Well," he said, "we shut put in a crop for three years, so it don't raise nothing but weeds of late."  
"Then tell me, sir, why do you ask \$200 per acre for land that don't produce enough to feed the squirrels through the winter?"  
"Well," said the sad-looking farmer, "you don't expect to raise grain on it, do you?"  
"Certainly. What do you think I want a farm for? To raise Government bonds on?"

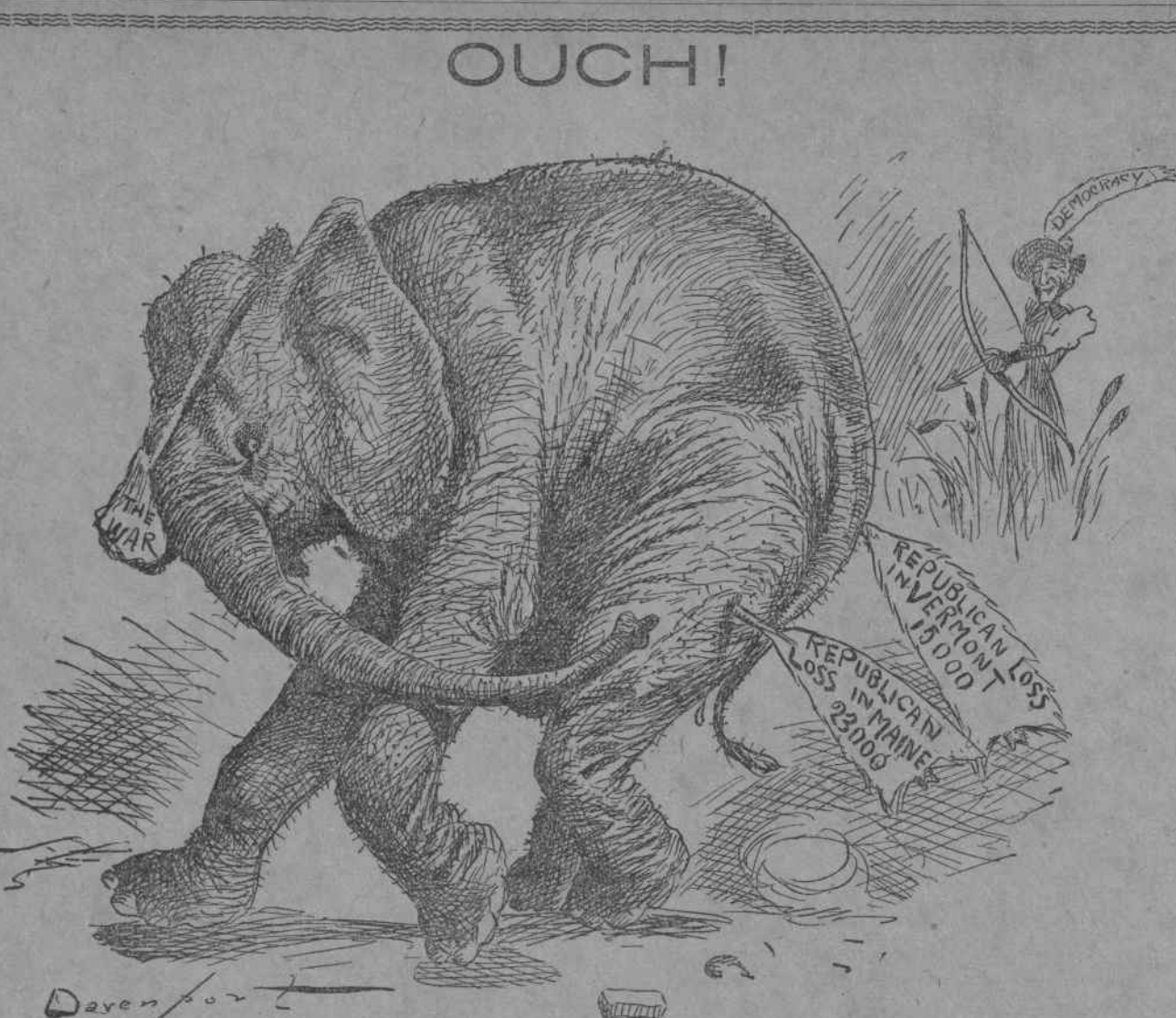
"Oh, well," said the countryman, "I didn't suppose you wanted a farm to farm. I thought you wanted it to play golf on."  
So that was the reason, why the poor, honest, vying farmers are asking two hundred dollars per acre for land that wouldn't grow two crops of weeds in one year. They have quit work, and all hands are waiting for the Spring morning to come when they will sell out to a man who wears golf socks.

He strange the difference between the Eastern farmer and the same man in the West! Here the farmer sits on the road fence, waiting and starving to sell the farm that has been his friend, in rain or shine, to a man with a voice like a woman's and socks like a clown's; while in the West the farmer now carries a gun, as of late he has heard of the golfer.

HOMER DAVENPORT.

ARTHUR M'EWEN TELLS WHY IN MUNSEY'S.  
Let a brace of young swells exchange slaps on Broadway after a theatre supper, and the columns given to the tremendous event in the New York morning papers will be matched by the columns given to it by the news from Jersey City to San Francisco. Let two gentlemen of unquestioned wealth and social standing in San Antonio, Texas, say, shoot and carve each other, and the newspapers of the country will imitate those of New York in recording the occurrence in an inch of type.  
Why this discrimination? Partly because New York is the great news centre, where all the principal journals of the Union have their telegraphic correspondents, and the news agencies their headquarters, but more because New York is New York, and cities, like men, are generally revered at their own valuation. Shrinking modesty has never yet made a hit in competition with the New York spirit of confidence and push. And after all, partly, since the great consolidation of January 1, it has to be admitted that New York is the biggest thing on the continent.

The Outside Press Critical.  
The continent submits, but not gracefully. There's a deal of ill will abroad against this metropolis, the very newspapers that put scare heads over that Broadway slapping and tuck away in a corner the San Antonio tragedy editorially bare their teeth at New York. Yet one of the largest journals on Park row to determine to print in one issue, as a freak of the United States, the purpose would have to be abandoned. Not even an economic Sunday edition would have room for them.



And Forty More Are Coming in November!

THE  
PACIFICATION  
OF CUBA.

President McKinley is reported to have said that to pacify Cuba will require 50,000 men. He is also said to have remarked that he was not in favor of the war with Spain, and this, at least, we know to be true. He certainly was not, and the very reasons which made him slow to take up the cause of humanity in Cuba now threaten to prolong the period of disorder and of enforced military service by United States troops in that island.

President McKinley hesitated long before permitting Americans to go to the aid of Cubans struggling for liberty. He hesitates now to establish and maintain the Cubans in the liberty which has been won for them. With the Spanish soldiers deported from Cuba, and with the moral influence of the United States exerted in fulfillment of the promise made definitely in the ultimatum to Spain, that the Cubans are and of right ought to be free, there would be no need for 50,000 soldiers to pacify Cuba. Not 500 would be needed.

But if we are to fight the battles of the Sugar Trust in Cuba; if, after turning the Spaniards out we are to turn the looters in, it will take twice 50,000 men to do the dirty work. The guerilla warfare which enabled the Cubans to hold 200,000 Spaniards in check for years will not be ineffective against American troops. To invite a conflict with the Cubans by attempting to betray them would be not only scoundrelly but disastrous.

The Cuban republicans must rule in Cuba. It was for that the soldiers of the United States took up arms, and our soldiers, who are mainly volunteers rightly eager now to return to their peaceful vocations, should not and cannot be used to defeat this end in guise

of pacifying the island. However little President McKinley may have sympathized from the very first with the aspiration of the people to have a new republic at the doors of the United States, he cannot stand in the way of its accomplishment now.

THE  
ANARCHIST'S  
LIVING TOMB.

Lucenti, the anarchist assassin of the Empress of Austria, is quoted as saying that he regrets there is no capital punishment in Switzerland.

Probably he does. The doom which awaits him is more gloomy, more frightful, and vastly less theatrical than death on the scaffold or under the knife. In a solitary cell, barred out at every point from even the view of his fellow malefactors, without opportunity to speak, to write, to observe, compelled in short to live the life of a mollusk, while retaining the nerves, the mind, the aspirations of a man, this wretched criminal will live out the remainder of his life, sinking toward its end into imbecility and animalism.

The day that sentence is pronounced upon him Lucenti will disappear. For him will be no public martyrdom of the sort that Zola depicts as being inflicted on the anarchist in Paris. He will thrill no young disciples with a defiant cry in the face of death. For the quick slash of the knife a long, wearing, brutalizing imprisonment in silence will be substituted; for a brief moment of heroism a lifetime of oblivion.

It is not certain that for the anarchist temperament the punishment prescribed by Switzerland is not the better deterrent. To bring the argument nearer home let us ask ourselves whether Parsons on the scaffold or Herr Most jailed at Blackwell's Island did the more to spread the creed of anarchy, though the one died execrated and the other lived to be laughed at.

## THE REAL GLORY QUAYLE.

Hall Caine Describes His Heroine as She Will Appear in "The Christian."



Hall Caine, Author of "The Christian."



Viola Allen, who will play Glory Quayle.

THEY were rehearsing "The Christian" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre yesterday. Glory Quayle, in a virtuous blue fountrain dress, stood waiting to fling forth Mr. Caine's sweet utterances. John Storm, looking a trifle warm and nonchalant, was waiting for his cue. The others, in chaotic negligee, simply watched things and contributed valuable business. But it was not to watch the rehearsal of "The Christian" that I was there. I had come on the sublime and noble mission of talking to Hall Caine, its author—or, rather, of letting Hall Caine talk to me. And time dragged sadly until he arrived and I found myself vis-a-vis to the great person in the office which once held the portly plebeianism of Harry Clay Miner.

Mr. Caine is a feathery, amiable, rather weasel-faced person, simply bubbling over with seriousness. He has serious hair—long and intrusive and feckless—serious eyes, a serious walk and a serious undercurrent. His only farcical attribute was a hat of the French force persuasion that looked as though it had been built for plump downers to sit upon. You know the kind I mean—glossy and straight-blinded. His hat seemed to have been stolen from "The Turtle's" repertoire. But when he took it off everything humorous vanished. A damp seriousness came into the very atmosphere. I sat bolt upright and tried to realize that I was alone with Hall Caine—we two in an office and the mad world capering on outside.

He wriggled out of it.  
"There was no sensual fall in 'The Christian,'" said Mr. Caine, meekly (he is very gentle, but it is the gentleness that gets there). "It was a spiritual fall, merely. John Storm rushed into Glory's arms with the impulse of love. For a moment he was unable to cope with the overpowering force of his emotion. That was all. If you believe more—his voice was diffident; his eyes knew that I did—then the whole thing goes into a match heap. There was no question of the degradation of Glory. If there had been, then all my purpose would have vanished. It was a spiritual defect. How could it have been otherwise? In the play Glory and John marry. In the book she marries him on her deathbed."  
"But," I protested, "you must have known what the public would infer from this incident."

With the Purest Intentions.  
"If the public inferred that, I am sorry for it," said Mr. Caine, in a deferential tone. (Miss Allen, plump and healthy, was outside). "To show you how careful I tried to be, I wrote that chapter three times, because I felt that I might be misunderstood. No, my dear Mr. Dale, Glory was as pure at the end of 'The Christian' as she was at the beginning. My friend Mr. Stead was shocked at this chapter, but I assure you that you would find one single word to corroborate this view."

Mr. Caine looked dreamily at me. An electric fan stirred his tresses. He sang, singingly: "The play, like the book, is a story. It has an artistic motive, and a moral purpose. There can be artistic motive and moral purpose. There can also be artistic motive without moral purpose. But, perhaps," deprecatingly, "you do not understand?"  
Now I don't mind posing as the custom of a country, but I hate being asked to act the imbecile. Perhaps I did look an ass—one can't help one's looks—but I didn't like Mr. Caine's assumption that I didn't understand. Still, I held myself in, and said pleasantly, "I understand, Mr. Caine."  
"My idea is," he said—and I saw the pulpit and the sleepy congregation, and felt for a button to put on the plate—"to show the exquisite purity of Glory Quayle—a woman torn by emotions, dragged one way by her spiritual nature and another by the forces of life. She is the central figure of my book" (Miss Allen is the "star," you

"I am grieved," said Mr. Caine—I am sure he was laughing in his sleeve (Oh, but you can't tell me—he was). "I will admit that if it were as you say it would be dramatically stronger. I will also tell you this: That the greatest theatrical man in London advised me to end my act with the scene you mention between Glory Quayle and John Storm. 'It will help the last act,' he said. 'It will go with the audience. It will be the touch that will make the play.' I wouldn't do it, my dear sir. I know that my audience would be making rhymed remarks between the acts; that they would be saying, 'Well, the curtain fell just in time,' and I hated to think of my Glory Quayle and John Storm subjected to that sort of thing."

Dodging a Responsibility.  
He paused, but it was a sort of confession that he had relied in the book upon his fleshly incident, and that try as he would to wriggle out of it in an artistic frenzy and a desire to give Miss Viola Allen all the virtue that she thought she lost in "The Conquerors," he was unable to do it. I felt really sorry for Mr. Caine—as sorry as I would feel for Hardy if he insisted that Tess was a lady, or for Dumas if he postscripted "The Lady of the Camellias" with the information that it was all platonic, or for Mrs. Wood if she had insinuated that Lady Isabel and her lover had coldly discussed the poets.

I like a man to own the courage of his convictions, and if he writes a thing to stick to it, without spiritual palaver and the insinuation that the world of readers is a vile world because it gives voice to ideas that he had never fathered.

"I asked a monk," said Mr. Caine, "if he gathered from my book that Glory was degraded at its close. He said that such a thing had never occurred to him. He saw the spiritual side—the earnest question never entered his head. And you knew that monk, too."

"In that particular scene," said the author, "Glory takes down her hair and undoes her dress, just to recall to him the days when they were young—the days that preceded the stormy struggle in London. She was a lovely, pure woman—was Glory. And it was pure human love for her that he felt. He gave way to this pure love. He took her in his arms, and I ended my chapter there. I have had thousands of letters about it, but—I know what I meant. Some of these days I will talk to you again on this subject."

But he went. I had heard quite enough. I can't understand "The Christian." It needs a key.  
ALAN DALE.

MAINE  
SECONDS  
VERMONT.

Maine echoes the voice of Vermont. A Republican plurality of 38,078 in 1894 and 48,377 in 1896 is cut down to 25,000. The six lonely Democrats in the last Legislature are increased to eighteen. Speaker Reed's plurality of 10,529 in 1896 has dropped to 4,000 this year, a loss of nearly 60 per cent.

Why are a quarter of the Republicans in Maine and Vermont staying at home, while the Democrats are taking their full strength to the polls? Two months ago it was universally asserted on one side and admitted on the other that the war would insure a national Republican sweep. The Administration would gain the credit for the victories of Dewey, Schley and Sampson, and the Republican candidates would come in everywhere in a sunburst of military and naval glory.

And that might have been the course of events but for the astounding fatuity of the President in permitting himself and his party to be saddled with the awful odium of Algerism. Every train-load of sick and wounded soldiers that has gone home to spread the tale of the harrowing and unnecessary sufferings in the camps has been a missionary expedition, dispelling the superstition that the Republican party is identified with the glories of the war.

There have been glory and shame in this war. The glory belongs of right to the American soldier and sailor; the shame to the buzzard politicians that have fattened upon their blood. That is the lesson which the Administration has driven into the consciousness of the American people, which the voters of Maine and Vermont have learned and in which the rest of the country will pass its examination in November.

GIVE  
THE CUBANS  
A LIFT.

The suggestion of the Cubans that we should promote the disbandment of their army by lending them the money to pay their soldiers, who have fought in patriotic destitution for three years, excites the mirth of those prosperous Americans who do not remember how our impecunious forefathers begged and received a similar favor from the governments of France and Holland. But why should we not help the Cubans to this extent? It is to their ragged army that we owe the acquisition of Porto Rico, the Philippines and all the glory that our troops have garnered in this war. If it had not been for their unconquerable spirit we should never have interfered in Spain's colonial affairs, and the curtain that is rising on our new destiny would have stayed down.

The few millions needed to pay the ragged veterans of Gomez mean a great deal to the Cubans. They are nothing to us—infinity less than the amounts Louis XVI. advanced us from the hard-pressed French treasury were to France. We ought to lend the money gladly—although perhaps it might be better to make Spain pay it.

## CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

GENERAL WHEELER thinks the war is not over. Perhaps the General is right, for there is a curious recurrence of that flexible administrative backbone which made the war necessary in the beginning. A firm hand is quite as necessary to the honorable ending of a war as to its prosecution.

PARADE ON SATURDAY? Well, that depends on the relative influence which Alger, Miles or Corbin can exert with the President.

Nobody thinks it depends on McKinley's own will power, for he has occupied as many sides of the parade question within a week as he did of the money question in 1896.

IT DOES NO HARM, say the cheerful party organs, for a quarter of the Republicans in Maine to stay at home on election day. There are enough of them left to elect the ticket.

Just so. But what if the stay-at-home example should be followed by a quarter of the Republicans in New York?

DEWEY WON THE PHILIPPINES. The Administration has decided to give two-thirds of them up. Dewey got the thanks of Congress.

What will the Administration get?

WE ALWAYS HAVE ENOUGH SCHOOLS to accommodate the children of two or three years before.

Why can't we make a desperate effort and get ahead, and then keep ahead?

OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER  
WRITES ABOUT THEM.

MANY New Yorkers who were sojourning in Paris some years ago will remember the Hoopers. Mrs. Lucy Hooper was a writer, and she had a salon and gave many little dinners and Thursday evenings, at which Americans abroad were present in profusion. Robert Hooper was Vice-Consul. Mrs. Hooper died some years ago and Miss Nettie Hooper, her daughter, who was a very talented girl, died in Philadelphia this last week and was cremated on Saturday. Miss Hooper had once ambitions for the stage, but a year in one of Daly's companies changed her illusion. She retired very cleverly and once played Fron-Fron in Paris—an amateur invitation performance arranged at the request of Mrs. Mackay, and which at the time created some sensation in the colony. The Hoopers have entertained so many people for so many years at the little apartment in the Rue des Petits Champs—already made famous by Thackeray in the ballade of the "Bonlieubasse"—that I was rather surprised to see that no notice whatever of Miss Hooper's death appeared in the different newspapers.

Left the Earl at Home.  
Considerable mystery seems to prevail with regard to the Countess de La Warr, who, with her two children, arrived with her father, Lord Brassey, on Saturday last by the Campanian.

Neither her name nor the names of her children, the Ladies Myra and Alice Sackville, appeared upon the passenger list, and the failure of her father to refer in his published interview to her in any way as being a member of his party would appear to indicate a certain degree of secrecy in connection with her trip to Australia, where Lord Brassey holds the \$50,000 a year Governorship of the Colony of Victoria.

This anxiety on his part, as well as of hers, to avoid publicity is not unusual, seeing the inevitable notoriety achieved by her carotid-haired husband in connection with the Hooley bankruptcy case. So keenly does the Countess feel her husband's disgrace in the matter that she left England without bidding farewell, while he was yachting off the coast of Ireland. Indeed, there are rumors current in London that something very much akin to a separation has been caused between the Earl and the Countess by the former's showing in the Hooley scandal.

The Countess is a much more interesting figure than her husband, and is familiar to every reader of the late Lady Brassey's popular book, "The Voyage of the Sunbeam," as the Muriel whose name is so frequently mentioned in its pages. The Earl, having no son, will be succeeded on his demise by his uncle, Lord Sackville, who was banished out of Washington when British Minister during the Cleveland Administration, in consequence of a gross diplomatic indiscretion.

Lord De La Warr, by the way, has just leased his beautiful Sussex country seat of Buckhurst to that triumphant democrat, Andrew Carnegie.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.  
As the doomed ship burned fiercely the baseball person swung freely about.  
"Little did I think," said he to the attending sharks, "that I would be thus caught on a hot liver."  
Then he went to his long home plate.—Indianapolis Journal.

EVERYTHING ELSE DWINDLES.  
Vermont may run up what Republican majority it will. Since Dewey hails from there his other works acquire only the most ordinary kind of secondary importance.—Philadelphia Times.

PUZZLE FOR THE HOLLANDERS.  
What would the blooming Dutchmen do if they lived in this country, where all the girls are queens?—Philadelphia Record.